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NDERINGS INTO
EEK AND LATIN
VERSE FROM THE WEST-
MINSTER GAZETTE

EDITED BY H. F. FOX

C. S. Jerram

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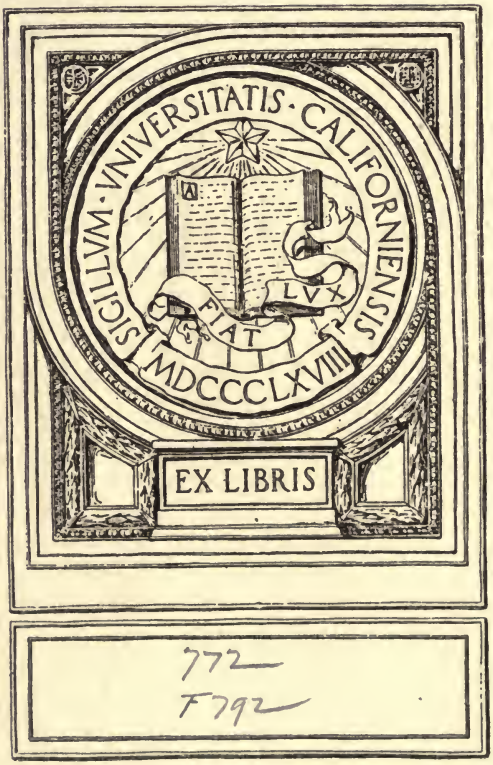

Westminster Versions

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Westminster Versions

Renderings into Greek and Latin Verse, reprinted from the 'Westminster Gazette'

Edited by

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PREFACE

It was perhaps a hazardous experiment to start a competition in Latin and Greek verse-making in an ordinary London newspaper. But the experiment has proved successful and interesting beyond the Editor's hopes. This little volume in which have been collected the prize copies, almost as they were written, will show how high the standard of the competition has always been, and what distinguished scholars have been attracted to take part in it. Many evidences, moreover, have reached the Editor that the accomplishment of writing Greek and Latin verses is greatly appreciated by a considerable circle of readers, even in these days when so much is heard of the uselessness of engaging the young in such exercises.

The thanks of the Editor are due to the competitors who have allowed him to reprint their versions in this volume, and to Mr. F. W. Hall, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, who has read the proofs.

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English poems, acknowledgements are also due to Mr. A. C. Swinburne and his publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus; to Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Lane; to Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Grant Richards; to Mrs. Romanes, and the Trustees of William Morris and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. The following publishers have also courteously permitted quotation from other poems of which they control the copyright: Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (Jean Ingelow's Poems); Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (the works of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, Ernest Myers, and James Russell Lowell); Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. (Poems, Robert Browning); Mr. George Allen (Cory's *Ionica*); and Mr. Alfred Nutt (Henley's Poems).

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LATIN ELEGIACS

12

I

AH, *then*, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A Picture it had been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

WORDSWORTH.

TUNC ego si nossem, quae vidi, et qualia vates
fingit, Apellea posse referre manu,
quaeque sacraret opus, miram super addere lucem
quae neque terrarum nec maris ulla fuit,
in quali stares, turris veneranda, tabella,
quantum mutata condicione loci!
'hic sine fine tuum,' dixissem, 'rideat aequor,
qua fortunato sub Iove terra tacet.
hic tibi suspirent animosa silentia mundi:
aura tremat: lenti se trahat unda maris:
cetera constiterint, alta devincta quiete:
ne sit in Elysio rixa laborve tuo.'
haud aliam, blanda deceptus imagine mentis,
picturae speciem tum positurus eram.
iudice me, verum tota patuisset in arte
numen, et aeterna pax stabilita fide. A. B. R.

A mihi pingentis si tunc modo dextra fuisset,
omnia quot vidi qua renovanda forent,
mirus ubi illuxit splendor terraque marique—
quale sacrant divis somnia vatis opus;
te super orbe novo, moles praecana, locassem—
huic orbi nostro quam variante vices!—
qua numquam ridere maris pellacia cessat,
terraque sub laeto somniat alma polo.
tunc ego pinxissem sedem immutabilis oti,
qua neque lis vexat nec labor Elysium;
vix sonat aura, nihil nisi mobilis unda movetur,
vitaque Naturae spirat at ipsa silet.
sic mihi sic capto placita dulcedine mentis
tempore facta illo talis imago foret:
ipsa fides oculis parte arrisisset ab omni,
nescia pax falli, longa tenaxque quies.

 W. F. R. S.

II

AH, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears—
To-Morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

Lo! Some we loved, the loveliest and best
That time and fate of all their vintage prest,
Have drunk their cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend, ourselves to make a couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end.

Omar Khayyám
(Edward FitzGerald).

FUNDE, Chloe, miseras solventia pocula curas:
cuncta dolore hodie, cuncta timore vacent.
crasne bibam melius? fors et me crastina celet,
saecla ubi conduntur non numeranda, dies.
namque illi periere, quibus vindemia tanti
temporis anteacti non tulit ulla pares:
sed tamen hauserunt tantillo pocla priores,
tranquillo et requiem mox pede quisque petit.
nosque dapes horum vacua celebramus in aula,
induiturque iterum florea terra decus.
nosque manet fato torus in tellure, daturos
nos olim ignotis ossa premenda torum.
quare age, si qua manet, vita precor ante fruaris
nos quoque quam positi pulvis et umbra sumus;
redditur umbra umbris, recubat sub pulvere pulvis,
Baccho, voce lyrae, carmine, fine carens.

W. A. P-C.

III

The Constellation.

SILENCE, and light, and watchfulness with you
  Attend and wind the clue;
No sleep, nor sloth assails you, but poor man
  Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He gropes beneath here, and with restless care,
  First makes, then hugs a snare;
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corn and grass,
  But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Music and mirth—if there be music here—
  Take up, and tune his year;
These things are kin to him, and must be had:
  Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

. . . . . .

But seeks he your obedience, order, light,
  Your calm and well-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
  Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Henry Vaughan.

STELLA, taces, vigilasque tacens, vigilansque coruscas,
  praecipit haud dubium dum Labyrinthus iter;
nec tibi somnus obest nec inertia: vel male dormit
  tramite vel proprio longius errat homo.
repit humi glaebamque fovet: quibus incidat ipse,
  et struit et structas laudat amatque plagas.
pulveris informem massam veneratur et herbas
  granaque: pro speculo rarius astra capit.
carminibus, si vera sonant hic carmina, gaudet:
  in numerum lepidis ducitur hora iocis.
haec cognata sibi credit queriturque remotis—
  ille amens posito qui rigat ora genu.
an dicto parere cupit, lucere, moveri
  more tuo, certas certus obire vias?
nempe licet stellis sit honor non omnibus idem,
  lite carent, tacitum pax regit alta polum.

E. D. S.

IV

BE it not mine to steal the cultured flower
From any garden of the rich and great,
Nor seek with care, through many a weary hour,
Some novel form of wonder to create.
Enough for me the leafy woods to rove,
And gather simple cups of morning dew,
Or, in the fields and meadows that I love,
Find beauty in their bells of every hue.
Thus round my cottage floats a fragrant air,
And though the rustic plot be humbly laid,
Yet, like the lilies gladly growing there,
I have not toiled, but take what God has made.
My Lord Ambition passed and smiled in scorn;
I plucked a rose, and lo! it had no thorn.

G. J. Romanes.

NE mihi furari libeat, quem pinguibus hortis
eximio florem nomine Croesus alit;
neu temptare novum per segnes gnaviter horas,
quod stupeant omnes, arte creare genus.
sit satis erranti frondosis carpere silvis,
quae matutino pocula rore micant;
vel gemmis campum pingentibus et mea prata
mirari, varius qui sit et unde color.
ergo humiles circum fragrans volat aura Penates,
nil nisi rus etsi pauper agellus olet,
nec meus hic labor est;—ut nullo lilia cultu,
accipio laetus dona libensque Dei.
praetervecta rotis me vana Superbia risit—
ecce rosam, spinis quae caret, ipse meto. E. D. S.

NON ego, quos nimia Crassus praedives in hortis
arte colit flores, surripuisse velim.
non ego per longas enitor sedulus horas,
scilicet ut mira rem novitate creem.
sat mihi palari per frondea lustra, legenti
rustica sat roris pocla recentis erunt.
sive libet potius campos dilectaque rura
cernere, quam gemma versicolore micent.
sic humiles fragrans mihi circuit aura Penates,
nec nisi simplicibus floribus halat ager—
sic, velut hic crescunt quae lilia laeta, laboris
inscius accipio quae tribuere dei.
ecce rosam carpsi—spinis rosa carpta carebat:
i nunc et regnum sperne, superbe, meum!

F. D. L.

V

IN the year that's come and gone, love, his flying feather
Stooping slowly, gave us heart, and bade us walk together.
In the year that's coming on, though many a troth be broken,
We at least will not forget aught that love hath spoken.

In the year that's come and gone, dear, we wove a tether
All of gracious words and thoughts, binding two together.
In the year that's coming on with its wealth of roses
We shall weave it stronger yet, ere the circle closes.

In the year that's come and gone, in the golden weather,
Sweet, my sweet, we swore to keep the watch of life together.
In the year that's coming on, rich in joy and sorrow,
We shall light our lamp, and wait life's mysterious morrow.

W. E. Henley.

PRAETEREUNT menses, anno nunc additur annus;
nos quoque progressos iam nova fata manent.
tum penna volitans sensim inclinante Cupido
consortem hortatus suasit inire viam:
nunc—aliis si vota cadent—nos mente susurros
condamus memori quos iterabat amor.
tum dulci alloquio et concordis compede mentis
unanima binos iunxerat arta fides:
nunc rosea apricus qui munera dividit annus
firmata excedens linquere vincla velit.
pactum erat, aurato Phoebus cum lumine risit,
una omnes vitae pervigilare vices:
spesque metusque simul passi curemus amoris
lampada et ignotum lux ferat orta diem.

C. B.

VI

TOILING and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature finished of his hands.
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy,
And mock'd at by the flawless stars, he stands.

Love, like a bird, hath perch'd upon a spray,
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away;
But hush! . . . remind not Eros of his wings.

Think not thy wisdom can illume away
The ancient tanglement of night and day.
Enough to acknowledge both, and both revere:
They see not clearliest who see all things clear.

WILLIAM WATSON.

LEX ea Parcarum: Studeat licet atque laboret,
nil homo perfectum, nil sine labe creat.
ludibrio est flori, cui non temerata venustas:
ridet inaccesso stella corusca polo.

Alitis in morem virga considit, ut ambo
attenta numeros aure bibamus, Amor.
nempe Deo placet iste locus: non avolat: at tu
ne subito occurrat posse volare, tace.

Nox commista die est: tua nec sapientia noctem
luce sua poterit dissociare die.
agnoscens ambo venerabere: clarius illi
lumen inest, cui non omnia clara patent.

E. D. S.

VII

BECAUSE your're handsome, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason to be proud?
Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,
Your steps go mincing on their way;
But so you miss that modest charm
Which is the surest charm of all;
Take heed, you yet may trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,
Come down, and take a lowlier place,
Come down, to fill it now with grace;
Come down you must perforce some day:
For years cannot be kept at bay,
And fading years will make you old;
Then in their turn will men seem cold,
When you yourself are nipped and grey.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ANNE tibi causae est, tumeant cur, Caelia, fastu
pectora, quod Veneris dote beata nites?
audaces tibi sunt oculi, risusque protervi,
pes micat et molli verbere signat humum.
visne placere? placet nil certius ore modesto:
a! vereor ne non sit tuus ille decor;
a! cave ne titubes, nec sit qui tendere curet
brachia, ne subito praecipitata cadas.
frigore ne pereas, descende cacumine montis,
Caelia, sitque humili valle parata domus.
ille dies veniet, qui te descendere cogat,
praecipe, dum restat gratia verna, diem.
invadunt anni: frustra invadentibus obstas:
deficient vires: Caelia fiet anus.
incipientque proci frigescere, cum tibi marcens
flos cadet, hiberno corripiente gelu.

E. D. S.

VIII

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

TENNYSON.

LUNA cubile meum lustrat cum plena, recordor
compositi cineres quae premat urna tuos.
splendor it, et dia clarescit luce sacellum,
aequoris Hesperii qua freta lata patent.
lucet in obscuro tremulum cum carmine marmor:
ARTHVRVM GENTIS SPEM BREVIS VRNA TEGIT.
argento vagus ARTHVRVM discriminat ignis,
ANNOS VIGINTI dinumeratque DVOS.
at rapida face tranat inenarrabilis aura;
umbraque iam cassum luce cubile subit.
inde oculis vigilem gravibus sopor urget; at umbras
dimovet obscuro pallida sole dies.
aeriaeque arces nebula lucente Silurum
malifera et (memini) rura fretumque latent.
crustaque sublustris, ceu luce carentis imago,
caligante oriens excipit aede iubar. J. U. P.

LUNA toro impositum quotiens me despicit, illa
auguror Hesperias luce nitere plagas:
nunc adeo templi qua tu requiescis ad aequor
occupat adversum luminis aura latus.
te referens credo in tenebris clarescere marmor:
tarda per titulos it vice flamma tuos,
et sensim quibus et nomen memoratur et aetas
argenteo pergens exprimit igne notas.
labitur e visu magici splendoris imago:
luna simul lectum deserit illa meum,
me sopor obducens oculis sua tegmina fessis
usque sub albentis tempora lucis habet:
tum venit in mentem iam nunc sublustria ut istic
litora vix velet tractus utrimque vapor,
et velut umbra tui, caeca distinctus in aede
palleat ad primum cippus, amice, diem.

 A. D. G.

IX

LONG night succeeds thy little day:
O blighted blossom! can it be
That this gray stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?

The half-form'd speech of artless thought,
That spoke a mind beyond thy years,
The song, the dance by Nature taught,
The sunny smiles, the transient tears,

The symmetry of face and form,
The eye with light and life replete,
The little heart so fondly warm,
The voice so musically sweet—

These, lost to hope, in memory yet
Around the hearts that loved thee cling,
Shadowing with long and vain regret
The too fair promise of thy spring.

T. L. PEACOCK.

OCCUPAT exiguum vitae nox longa tenorem:
immatura iaces, flos velut ante diem!
pallidus hic cippus te, tanti pignus amoris,
suppositam monstrat, verna recondit humus?
a, quam simplicitas atque imperfecta loquela
praesaga ingenii signa dedere tui!
ut, duce Natura, choreae cantusque placebant,
utque hilares risus tristitiaeque breves!
qualis in ore decor, qualis concordia formae,
lumina quam varii plena leporis erant!
a, quam sponte suos quantoque fovebat amore!
quam tenerae voces personuere domum!
spes quanta interiit! memores tamen usque tenemus
praereptam, et viduis cordibus haeret amor:
heu, desiderio quam vano moeror inumbrat
fata iuventutis primitiasque tuae! E. D. A. M.

X

Keats.

HE dwelt with the bright gods of elder time
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above.
He loved them: and, in recompense sublime,
The gods, alas! gave him their fatal love.

The Cathedral Spire.

It soars like hearts of hapless men who dare
To sue for gifts the gods refuse to allot;
Who climb for ever towards they know not where,
Baffled for ever by they know not what.

Art.

The thousand painful steps at last are trod,
At last the temple's difficult door we win;
But, perfect on his pedestal, the god
Freezes us hopeless when we enter in.

William Watson.

DIS ille intererat, quos aurea noverat aetas,
semper et in terris et super astra comes.
fovit amore deos: et amanti, splendida merces,
contigit a! divum perniciosus amor.

Nititur in caelum columen: sic ardua temptat
audax poscere homo dona negata deos:
usque miser scandit, quo scandat nescius—usque
haeret inops, nec cur haereat ipse tenet.

Tandem mille gradus aegre superavimus, aedis
difficiles tandem venimus ante fores:
at simul intravit, quis non stupet irritus, exspes,
perfectam aspiciens in statione deam?

F. D. L.

LUSERAT in terris veterum comes ille Deorum,
vel saeptas nebula est ausus adire domos.
duxit amor: summum dant numina munus amanti:
a! cur sic merito Dis placuisse nocet?

Caelum affectat apex:—sic inconcessa petendo
non pudet invitos sollicitare Deos.
nitimur aeternum; sed meta incerta laboris,
incerta et metam tangere causa vetat.

Tandem mille gradus aedis superamus anheli,
speratasque pedem sistimus ante fores.
ingredimur:—perfecta Dei se tollit imago;
spes abit, et torpent obsita corda gelu.

E. D. S.

XI

SURELY I served thee, as the wrinkled elm
  Yieldeth his nature to the jocund vine,
Strength unto beauty: may the flood o'erwhelm
  Root, trunk, and branch, if they have not been thine.

If thine no more, if lightly left behind,
  To guard the dancing clusters thought unmeet,
It is because with gilded trellis twined
  Thy liberal growth demands untempered heat.

Yet, while they spread more freely to the sun,
  Those tendrils; while they wanton in the breeze
Gathering all heaven's bounties, henceforth one
  Abides more honoured than the neighbouring trees.

Ah dear, there's something left of that great gift;
  And humbly marvelling at thy former choice
A head once crowned with love I dare uplift,
  And, for that once I pleased thee, still rejoice.

WILLIAM CORY.

ULMUS uti laetae se commodat aspera viti,
et lentam proprio roborat ingenio;
diluvies truncum cum stirpe comisque revellat,
ni tibi concessi, Cynthia, quidquid eram.
addita sic formae vis non sua. nunc ego vilis;
exuit uva meum laeta ministerium.
nempe meros soles tabulata per aurea fetu
pampinus enitens uberiore petit.
nunc sese explicuit soli, luditque per auras
palmes, et aetherias haurit apricus opes;
sed tamen una dehinc augustior eminet arbos,
vicinisque coli dignior arboribus.
quod merui de te quondam bene, Cynthia, miror;
non nihil e tanto munere, vita, manet.
laetor adhuc, voti modicus tamen (erigit illud
corda, tibi quidquam dulce fuisse meum);
ad caelum ire animis, et surgere vertice fas est
late conspicuo, quem redimivit amor.

J. U. P.

XII

To an Athlete Dying Young.

SMART lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

A. E. Housman.

NON insulsus eras, qui clam dilapsus harenam
liqueris, et voces, quae breve tempus habent;
ut praematuros laurus sibi poscat honores
aestiva citius marcet abitque rosa.
si, puer, obscura tua lumina nocte premuntur
non graviter stadii rapta tropaea ferent,
nec iucunda minus sunt ipsa silentia plausu
cum semel oppleta sederit aure solum.
tu non impubi turbae, quibus usus honores
conterit invisos, adnumerandus eris;
te neque cursorem praevertet Gloria, nec vir
plorabis famae te superesse tuae.
ante igitur laudes quam tollere desinat Echo
tu rapidum in furvo limine siste pedem,
porrectusque manu, quem non tulit aemulus hostis,
ille calix humiles splendeat ante fores.
spectatum puerile caput, quod laurea cingit,
exiles mittent Tartara nigra manus,
incorrupta tua qua fronte corona sedebit
virgineis brevior quam rosa nexa comis.

E. D. S.

XIII

SEEMS it so light a thing then, austere Powers,
To spurn man's common lure, life's pleasant things?
Seems there no joy in dances crown'd with flowers,
Love, free to range, and regal banquetings?
Bend ye on these, indeed, an unmoved eye,
Not Gods but ghosts, in frozen apathy?

Or is it that some Force, too stern, too strong,
Even for yourselves to conquer or beguile,
Bears earth, and heaven, and men, and gods along,
Like the broad volume of the insurgent Nile?
And the great powers we serve, themselves may be
Slaves of a tyrannous necessity?

Or in mid-heaven perhaps, your golden cars,
Where earthly voice climbs never, wing their flight,
And in wild hunt, through mazy tracts of stars,
Sweep in the sounding stillness of the night?
Or in deaf ease, on thrones of dazzling sheen,
Drinking deep draughts of joy, ye dwell serene?

M. ARNOLD.

TAM leve, numina dura, hominem sprevisse videtur
delicias, hominum quas genus omne sitit?
serta, dapes, choreae, regi non laeta fuere!
invitumque vagus scilicet urit amor!
immoti gelidoque ligati haec nostra veterno
conspicitis, non di, sed simulacra deum?
fortior anne aliqui rerum et vementior aestus
quam dolus ut divom visque domare queant
terram, homines, undis volvit, caelumque deosque,
qualibus insurgens omnia Nilus agit?
quorumque imperio nos deservimus erili,
hos era Fors servos imperiosa regit?
curribus an medium caelum peragratis et auro,
vocibus humanis quo via nulla patet,
certatimque, ubi dant vocem ipsa silentia noctis,
ambages legitis sidereasque vias?
aut surdos, secura bibentes gaudia, claris
sublimes soliis, mulcet amoena quies? H. W. F.

ILLECEBRAS adeone leve est contemnere vulgi,
vitaque quod blandi, numina dura, tenet?
et nihil oblectant redimitae flore choreae,
regum epulae, nulla compede vinctus amor?
immitesne oculos, hebeti torpore rigentes,
flectitis huc, non di, sed simulacra deum?
aut aliqua immani, nec debellanda nec ipsis
dis fallenda, deos Vis ditione premit,
quae caelum rapit et terras hominesque deosque,
ceu tumidae crescens agmine Nilus aquae?
inque vicem sorti fas est servire severae
credere, quos colimus, numina magna deum?
aut vos aurato volucres medio aethere curru
verrere sidereae devia lustra plagae?
effrenisque rotis per rauca silentia noctis,
vox ubi non hominum tollitur ulla, vehi?
aut nitidis fultos soliis agere otia surda?
securoque haustu gaudia longa trahi? F. W. P.

XIV

To Dianeme.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Herrick.

Ad Dianemen.

NE nimio moveant oculi tua pectora fastu
qui proprio splendent, sidera bina, polo.
neve, quod incedis tu libera sola, superbi,
dum cuncta imperio subdita corda vides.
neu laetare nimis, coma si cervice profusa
luxuriat, cupidis arripienda Notis ;
ille etenim quem tu gestas, dulcissima virgo,
qui ruber extrema pendet ab aure lapis,
blanditias ubi, quotquot habes, absumpserit aetas,
lucida nec pretii gemma minoris erit.

E. D. S.

XV

The Death of Space.

ETERNITY shall raise her funeral pile
  In the vast dungeon of the extinguished sky,
And, clothed in dim barbaric splendour, smile,
  And murmur shouts of elegiac joy.

While those that dwell beyond the realms of space,
  And those that people all that dreary void,
When old Time's endless heir hath run his race,
  Shall live for aye, enjoying and enjoyed.

And Hell, inflated with supernal wrath,
  Shall open wide her thunder-bolted jaws
And shout into the dull, cold ear of Death
  That he must pay his debt to Nature's laws.

And when the King of Terrors breathes his last,
  Infinity shall creep into her shell;
Cause and Effect shall from their thrones be cast,
  And end their strife with suicidal yell:

While from their ashes, burnt with pomp of kings,
  'Mid incense floating to the evanished skies,
Nonentity, on circumambient wings,
  An everlasting Phoenix shall arise.

From *The Bon Gaultier Ballads.*

OLIM aeterna Dies exstincti in carcere caeli
tollet funereos in sua fata rogos:
mussabitque tuum Paeana, Elegeia, ridens
vestibus obscure splendida barbaricis.
at qui habitant ultra flammantia moenia mundi,
et vastum populi quotquot inane colunt,
sistet ubi series annorum immensa, per aevum
laetitiam accipient laetitiamque dabunt.
infima tum fauces, iris inflata supernis,
pandent occlusas Tartara fulminibus:
Mortis et obtundent surdam illacrimabilis aurem,
legibus ut Fati succubuisse iubent.
mox, horrenda simul Mors exspiraverit, Aetas
infinita torum repet in exiguum.
Causa cadet Finisque: peracta lite peribit
exululans dextra numen utrumque sua.
quorum inter cineres, dum tura feruntur in aethram,
quae fuit, et decorat regia pompa pyram,
exoriens alis circum ambiet omnia, phoenix
iam superaturus tempus in omne, Nihil.

F. D. L.

XVI

THE half-heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill.
  Faint sounds of childish play are in the air.
The river murmurs past. All else is still.
  The very graves seem stiller than they were.

Afar though nation be on nation hurled,
  And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
  Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave; and peace! the shade
  He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
  In rest, in peace, his labour nobly done.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Poetae Sepulcrum.

VIX levis auditur pecorum balatus ab alto;
infantum ludos leniter aura refert;
murmurat unda fluens, at cetera cuncta quierunt;
plus solito, credas, ipsa sepulcra silent.
si procul adverso confligant Marte cohortes,
prisca licet miseros cura dolorque premant,
non hic credideris quin occupet omnia circum
pax, et corda hominum placet ubique quies.
nonne quies et pax, vates, tua dona? Labore
ferventes animos tu, velut umbra, tegis:
quod dederas, tibi iam rediit: te munere functum
excepit merito pax et amata quies. T. L. P.

LUDENTUM clamor puerilis in aere languet:
vix ovium e clivo questus in aure sonat.
non aliunde sonus, nisi qua prope murmurat amnis:
fallor an insolita pace sepulcra silent?
ut procul infesto gentem gens Marte lacessat,
sollicitent vitam cura vetusque dolor,
hic saltem tranquilla quiescere cuncta putares,
securaque hominum pectora pace frui.
sole fatigatis, tu febre calentibus umbram,
tu pacem et requiem, munera larga, dabas.
reddita dona tibi: iam rite labore peracto
hic situs es, qua pax, qua tibi parta quies.
J. C. M.

XVII

KNOW, Celia (since thou art so proud),
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown!
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it imped the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine;
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate!
Let fools thy mystic forms adore;
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrapped the truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

THOMAS CAREW.

SCIRE velis, fastu nequicquam elata superbo,
esse meum, si quid, Caelia, laudis habes?
inter formosas obliviscenda puellas
omnibus ignotae pars modo plebis eras,
ni, mea quod numeris halabat lingua canoris,
ornasset plumas nomine Fama tuo.
iactabas:—voce atque oculis occidere quemvis
me penes est:—erras: hoc ego posse dedi.
si quid dulce tuum est, si gratia, tu mihi debes,
stella mea haud alio es conspicienda polo.
in caput ista meum qui te per sidera fixi,
desine caelesti mittere tela plaga,
neu tantis vecors animum terroribus imple,
ne mea, quod fecit, Musa retexat opus.
divinos male sanus amans tibi reddat honores,
mortalem liceat te mihi nosse Deam.
vera quidem docto, qui fingit mystica, vati
forma per ambages, quas creat ipse, patet.

E. D. S.

CYNTHIA, te cepit si tanta superbia, nomen
istud ab ingenio disce venire meo.
inter vulgares iam nunc ingloria coetus
cessabas, humili spreta puella loco,
ni 'formosa' mei spirassent 'Cynthia' versus,
unde nova pennas Fama refecit ope.
perdis: at est in te perdendi nulla potestas;
isti non sine me vox oculique necant.
do tibi tot Veneres et si quid amabile rides;
do tibi quod radias sidus in axe meo.
hic ego te posui; tu non tua fulmina parcas
in caput e falsa sede vibrare meum.
me cave prodigiis laedas, ne forte retexam,
tam bene quod factum est, irritus auctor opus.
divina tectam veneretur imagine vulgus:
tu mihi mortali corpore semper eris.
multa prius docti vates finxere, nec ipsos
res latuit, multis clarior una dolis.

 A. B. R.

XVIII

The Courtin'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
  An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'ith no one nigh to hender.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

Lowell.

QUANTUM oculo possis contendere et aure, quiescit
candida nox, ipso munere missa deum:
luna micat, nix alta iacet: iuga prataque puro
cuncta Iovis fulgent numine, cuncta silent.
est casa: furtivo repit pede, perque fenestram
scrutatur Corydon interiora domus:
ut videt, ut gaudet: sola, incomitata sedebat
Phyllis ibi:— possit quis sibi ferre moram?
poma videt rosea spoliantem pelle, sed ipsam
poma putat roseis exsuperare genis:
tota adeo, quia Phyllis inest, a vertice ad imum
nescioquo ridet plena tepore domus.
Alpha virum Corydon, longa procerior alno,
forti animo, solida simplicitate fuit:
rectius hoc nemo potuit proscindere sulcum
aut citius plaustrum messe gravare nova.
luserat et multa cum virgine, saepe Neaeram,
saepe sequebatur Chlorida, saepe Chloen:
vexerat hanc in equis, chorea se iunxerat illi:
quid moror? hoc tanto de grege nulla placet.
Phyllis adest, crispae tumuerunt sanguine venae,
haud secus ac venas tortile crispat acer.
Phyllidis attactu sua membra calescere sentit,
ut calet aestivo sole supinus ager. F. D. L.

GREEK IAMBICS

I

MY dearest lord,
I see the new-born courage in thine eye
Armed to strike dead the Spirit of the Time,
Which spurs to rage the many-headed beast.
Do thou persist: for faint but in resolve,
And it were better thou hadst still remained
The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer,
And opportunity, that empty wolf,
Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,
And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel;
And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,
Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,—
And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,
As when she keeps the company of rebels,
Who think that she is Fear. This do, lest we
Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
In a bright dream, and wake, as from a dream,
Out of our worshipped state.

SHELLEY.

Ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, τὴν νέαν εὐτολμίαν
τρέφονθ' ὁρῶ σε, δημόθρουν τ' ἀναρχίαν
πατεῖν ἕτοιμον, ἥτις ὀτρύνει στάσιν,
ὀχλῶδες ἄχθος, μυριόκρανον κακόν.
τὰ δεινὰ καρτέρησον, ὧν ἐὰν χαλᾷς
ἄμεινον ἔσται τοῖσι σοῖς ὑπηρετεῖν
δούλοισιν, οἷσι σύγγονον, κυνὸς δίκην,
φεύγοντα δάκνειν κἀπιόνθ' ὑπεκτρέχειν.
παροῦσά τοι πρὸς καιρὸν ἡ Τύχη, λύκος
ὡς κοιλογάστωρ, τὸν πεσόντ' ἀπώλεσεν.
ἴθ', ἐξίσωσον τἄργα τῷ βουλεύματι,
ἔστω δὲ τοῦτ' ἄτεγκτον, οἷον ἡ Σκυθῶν

σιδηρομήτωρ αἶα πορσύνει ξίφος·
θεμερῶπιν Αἰδῶ τοῖσιν ἠπίοις μέθες,
ὅθεν σ' ἑκοῦσα δέξεται συναλλαγῇ,
οὐχ, ὡς ταυῦν, φίλτροισι τῆς ἀπιστίας
θέλγουσα, τοῖς ἐχθροῖσι σύμμαχος λάθρᾳ,
οἷς ταὐτὸν ἐλεεῖν καὶ δεδοικέναι δοκεῖ.
ἐργαστέον τοῦτ'· εἰ δὲ μή, φανούμεθα,
λαμπροῖσίν ὥς τις συντακεὶς ὀνείρασιν
ἐξ ἀβροπλούτων περγάμων κεῖται πεσών,
ἀφαιρεθέντες τὴν ὑπέρκομπον χλιδήν.

E. D. A. M.

Ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὀμμάτων σ' εἰληφότα
ὁρῶ τι θάρσος τήν γε νῦν ὡπλισμένον
Σοφίαν ἐναίρειν, ἢ λίαν κεντεῖ δάκος
ἑκατογκάρανον, ὄχλον ὑβριστὴν λέγω.
μηδ' εἶκ'· ἐὰν γὰρ κἀκτραπῇς τι τῆς ὁδοῦ,
κρείσσων ἂν ἦσθα σοῖς γε δουλεύων ἔτι
δούλοισιν, οἳ τοὺς φυγάδας ἐν τρόποις κυνῶν
δάπτοντες ἐκφεύγουσι τὸν θηρώμενον,
λύκων δ' ὁ καιρὸς κοιλογαστόρων δίκην
ἔπνιξε λαιμὸν ὅστις ἂν πέσῃ λαβών.
τὰ δ' ἔργα βουλαῖς ἐγκατάζευξον νέαις
ὥσπερ σίδηρον ἐκ πυρὸς περισκελῆ,
τοῖς θηλύνουσι θηλύνουν Αἰδῶ λιπών,
παρ' ὧν τὸ δῶρον ἀμφί σ' εἰρήνης βαλεῖ
οὐδ' αὖ προδώσει δουλίῳ φιλήματι,
ὡς εὖτε προδοτῶν ἥδεται ξυνουσίᾳ
Φόβον καλούντων παυδίκως ψευδώνυμον.
ταῦτ' οὖν ποίησον, μὴ δοκῶμεν ὡς ὄναρ
λαμπρόν τι φαιδρῶν ἐξ ἐπάλξεων πεσεῖν
πεσήματ' αἰσχρά, χὥσπερ ἐξ ὀνείρατος
ἀποσφαλῶμεν τῆσδε παγκρατοῦς ἕδρας.

W. F. R. S.

II

HE spoke, and waved farewell, and gave his hand
To Nanna; and she gave their brother blind
Her hand, in turn, for guidance; and the three
Departed o'er the cloudy plain, and soon
Faded from sight into the interior gloom.
But Hermod stood beside his drooping horse,
Mute, gazing after them in tears; and fain,
Fain had he followed their receding steps,
Though they to death were bound, and he to Heaven,
Then, but a power he could not break withheld.
And as a stork, which idle boys have trapp'd,
And tied him in a yard, at autumn sees
Flocks of his kind pass flying o'er his head
To warmer lands, and coasts that keep the sun;—
He strains to join their flight, and from his shed
Follows them with a long complaining cry—
So Hermod gazed, and yearn'd to join his kind.
At last he sigh'd, and set forth back to Heaven.

M. ARNOLD.

Λέξας δ' ἐσήμην' ὡς ἀποστείχων φίλοις·
Νάννης δὲ χεῖρ' ἔμαρψεν, ἡ δὲ τὸν τυφλὸν
λαιᾷ λαβοῦσ' ἀδελφὸν ἐξηγεῖθ' ὁδοῦ.
τρισσοὶ δ' ἀμαυροῦ διὰ πέδου πλανώμενοι
ᾤχοντ' ἄϊστοι πρὸς μελαμβαθῆ σκότον.
κἀν τῷδ' ἄφωνος Ἑρμοδεὺς ἵππῳ σχεδὸν
παρεστάτει πενθοῦντι, τοὺς δ' ὡρμημένους
κλαίων προσέβλεπ'· ἀσμένως δ' ἐφέσπετ' ἂν
χωροῦσι, καίπερ μοῖραν ἐξειδὼς σαφῆ,
τοῖς μὲν πρὸς Ἅιδην, οἳ δ' ἐς οὐρανὸν μολεῖν.
ἀλλ' ἔσχ' ἀνάγκη σφ' ἄμαχος ἱμείρονθ' ὅμως.
χὥς τις πελαργὸς δικτύοις παίδων ἁλούς,
αὐλῆς τε δεσμοῖς ἔνδοθεν καθειργμένος,
ἑσμοὺς ξυνηθῶν ὀψὲ τοῦ θέρους ὁρᾷ
ἀκτὰς προσείλους ἡλίου τ' ἐπιστροφὰς
πτεροῖς ἄνω ζητοῦντας· ἱμείρει δ' ὁμοῦ
φίλοις πέτεσθαι, κἀκ στέγης θεώμενος
κλαγγαῖσιν οἰκτισμοῖσί τ' ἄλληκτον βοᾷ·
οὕτως ὁμιλεῖν Ἑρμοδεὺς φίλοις ποθῶν
ἤθρει· στένων δ' ὥρμησεν αὖ πρὸς οὐρανόν.

A. S.

III

NOT here my place of rest; far hence I seek
Beyond or world of Gods or world of men,
The Tower of ancient Kronos, where he dwells
Amid the Blessed Isles, his final home,
The habitation of a holy calm.
There evermore the West-winds dewy-winged,
Borne o'er the Ocean-river, lightly breathe;
And over all that sweet and solemn realm
Broods a mild golden light of mellow beam,
Less bright by far than this celestial splendour,
A low warm light, as of eternal eve.
And there are gathered, or shall gather soon,
All my dear kindred, offspring of the Earth,
The brotherhood Titanic, finding there
Harbour desired, and after sore exile
Rejoining well content their ancient King.

ERNEST MYERS.

Οὔ μοι πέπρωται τῇδ' ἀναπνεῦσαι πλανῶν·
πέρα δὲ θεῶν τε καὶ βροτῶν ἐπιστροφῶν
Κρόνου παλαιοῦ πέργαμ' ἐξιχνοσκοπῶ.
ἐνταῦθα μακάρων παντελὲς νήσων ἕδος
ναίει, γαληνοῦ σεμνὸν εὐδίας γάνος.
ζέφυροι δ' ἀεὶ στάζοντες εὐδρόσοις πτεροῖς
βαιὸν πνέουσιν Ὠκεανοῦ ῥείθρων πέρα,
καὶ γαῖαν ἁγνὴν μαλθακῷ κηλήματι
ἁβρόν τι χρυσοφεγγὲς ἀμπίσχει σέλας,
λαμπρῶν μὲν ἧσσον αἰθέρος φαιδροῦ βολῶν,
θαλπνὸν δὲ μακραίωνος ἑσπέρας φάος.
οἳ δὴ ξυνῆλθεν ἢ τάχ' ἀθροισθήσεται
ξύμπασ' ὁμαίμων γηγενὴς ὁμήγυρις
φίλον τ' ἀδελφῆς σπέρμα Τιτάνων γονῆς·
χὡς ναυτίλοι κέλλουσιν ἱμερτὴν χθόνα,
πικρᾶς δ' ἀπαλλαγέντες ἄσμενοι φυγῆς
σπεύδουσι τῷ πρὶν κοιράνῳ παραστατεῖν.

C. Du P.

Οὐ τῇδε μόχθων τέρμα· τηλουρὸν δὲ γῆν
ζητῶ, θεῶν τε τοὐπέκεινα καὶ βροτῶν,
Κρόνου παλαιοῦ τύρσιν, οὗ νήσοις ἔπι
μακάρων κατοικεῖ, τοὺς τελευταίους ἔχων
δόμους ἕδος τε σεμνὸν ἡσύχου βίου.
Ζέφυρον ἐκεῖσ' ἵησιν ἐκ ῥοῶν ἀεὶ
Ὠκεανὸς ἐνδρόσοισι μαλθακὸν πτεροῖς·
πάντῃ δὲ χρυσοφεγγὲς ὑπολάμπον σέλας
ἱεροὺς γλυκείας γῆς μυχοὺς καταμπέχει.
πολλῷ μὲν ἧσσον ἢ τόδ' οὐρανοῦ φάος,
ἀλλ' ἑσπέρας ὅμοιον εὐκράτῳ φλογὶ
ἀεὶ μενούσης ἐν σκότου μεταιχμίῳ.
ἐκεῖσε δ' ἥκουσ' ἢ προσίζονται τάχα
Τιτᾶνες αὐτάδελφον εὐφιλὲς γένος,
οὓς Γαῖα τίκτει, λιμένα τῆς δυσπραξίας
λαχόντες εὐκτὸν κἀκ φυγῆς δεινῆς πάλιν
χαίροντες ὄψει βασιλέως παλαιγενοῦς.

E. S.

IV

I WILL believe you. But speak truly now
As you are fair, I say you are fair too,
Would you be wiser than I was with him?
A king to kiss the maiden from your lips,
Fill you with fire as water fills the sea,
Hands in your hair and eyes against your face—
Ay, more than this, this need not strike at heart,
But say that love had bound you like a dog,
Leashed your loose thoughts to his uncertain feet,
Then would you be much better than such are
As leave their soul upon two alien lips
Like a chance word of talk they use for breath.
O girl, that hast no bitter touch of love,
No more assurance of it than report
Flaunts in the teeth of blame—I bid you know,
Love is much wiser than we twain, more strong
Than men who hold the pard by throat and jaw.

SWINBURNE.

Καὶ δὴ πέποιθα· φράζε δ' οὖν ἐτητύμως
εὔμορφος οὖσ'—ἐγὼ δέ σ' εὔμορφον λέγω—
ἆρ' ἂν σὺ μᾶλλον εἰς ἄνακτ' ἐσωφρόνεις;
τὸ μὲν τύραννον, λυμεῶνα παρθένου,
στόμ' ἁρμόσαι τε στόματι κἀμπλῆσαι πυρί,
ἄβυσσον ἐμπίμπλησιν ὡς ὕδωρ ἅλα,
κόμαις τε χεῖρας ἐμπλέκειν κἀναντίον
βλέπειν κατ' ὄμμα, κἄτι τῶνδ' ὑπέρτερα—
οὐ γὰρ πρὸς ἧπαρ ταῦτα θιγγάνειν χρεών—
θὲς αὖ δεδέσθαι τῷδέ σ', ὡς δεσμοῖς κύνα,
τόν τ' ἀστάθμητον νοῦν ξυνεζεῦχθαι ποσὶν
ἀνειμένως φοιτῶντος, εἰπὲ τῷ τρόπῳ
ἔχειν ἄμεινον τῶνδε μελλήσεις ὅσαι
ψυχὴν προεῖντο στόμασιν ἐμφῦσαι ξένοις,
ἴσ' ἔπεσι τοῖς τυχοῦσι πνεύματος κενοῦ;
ὦ τλῆμον, ἥντιν' οὐκ ἔδηξ' ἔρως πικρός,
ἄϊδρις οὖσα πλὴν ὅσ' ἔρριψεν φάτις
πρὸς ἐγκαλοῦντας, ἴσθι τοῦτ', ἔρως φρονεῖ
ἡμῶν τι μᾶλλον τοῦδέ τ' ἰσχύει πλέον
ὃς πάρδον ἄγχει ξυλλαβὼν λαιμὸν χεροῖν.

J. C. M.

V

The Mother of Mankind

WAS she not somewhat that he could not have
By the mere holding, and that still aspired
And drew him after her? So, when deceived
She fell by great desire to rise, he fell
By loss of upward drawing, when she took
An evil tongue to be her counsellor:
'Death is not as the death of lower things,
Rather a glorious change begrudged of Heaven,
A change to being as gods'—he from her hand,
Upon reflection, took of death that hour,
And ate it (not the death that she had dared).
He ate it knowing. She, a spirit strayed,
That hardly cares because it hardly hopes
To find the way to heaven, in bitter wise
Did bear to him degenerate seed, and he,
Once having felt her drawing, still aspired
Although she drew no more.

Jean Ingelow.

Οὐ τἄρα τοῦ κρατοῦντος εἰ κατασχέθοι
κτῆμ' ἣν ἐκείνῃ γ', ἀλλ' ἐρῶσα τῶν ἄνω
πόσιν μεθ' αὑτὴν εἷλκεν, ἔστ' ἐσφαλμένοι
ὤλισθον, ἡ μὲν ἱμέρῳ τῶν κρεισσόνων,
ὁ δὲ στερηθεὶς παιδαγωγίας, ἀφ' οὗ
γλώσσῃ ματαίᾳ πείθεται διδασκάλῳ
ὡς οὐχὶ δειλῶν φθείρεται βοτῶν φθορὰς
βρότειος αἰών, ἀλλ' ἀμείβεται θεῶν
τοὔντιμον εἶδος, οὗ μεγαίρουσιν θεοί.
ὁ δ' ἐννοηθείς, ἐκ γυναικείας χερὸς
ἔσθει λαβών, οὐχ ὃν τεθαρσήκει γυνὴ
ὄλεθρον ἀνήρ, οὐ γὰρ ἀγνοεῖ τί δρᾷ.
εἶθ' ἡ μὲν ἠθῶν ἐκπεσοῦσα, τὴν ἄνω
ὡς οὐκ ἂν εὑροῦσ' οὐκέθ' ἱστοροῦσ' ὁδόν,
χεῖρον τεκνοῦται σπέρμ' ὑπ' ὠδῖνος πικρᾶς·
ὁ δ' ἐξ ἐκείνης οὐράνιος ἀχθεὶς ἅπαξ
ὁλκῆς χαλώσης οὐ μεθίσταται πόρου.

D. S. M.

VI

To Hermes.

FOR thou, fair lord, thou also, having filled
Man's little life so full with act and thought,
Leadest him lastly down the darkling road
To that dim realm where griefs and gains are dead,
Or live as dreams dreamed by a dream-like shade.
. . . Come, dear guardian, guide divine;
For this thou art arisen out of earth
That held thee there in Elis sleeping well.
Give thou the babe to Rhea; she no less,
Mysterious Mother of an elder Heaven,
Hath store of spells to heal the coming gust
Of his young madness; take thy serpent wand,
And gather to thee these thy subject souls
Born out of due time in an alien world,
To whom are given in toil or in repose,
So rare, so faint, thine advent and thine aid.
They shall not shrink or flutter, as the ghosts
Of those impure the avenging arrows slew,
But follow firmly on, until they come
To some fair congress of the noble dead,
Set free from flying pain and flying joy,
There find their home and rest for ever there.

Ernest Myers.

Ὦ δῖ' ἄναξ, σὺ τόνδε μὲν βροτοῖς βίον
ἔργων γεμίζεις φροντίδων τ' ἐφημέροις,
τέλος δὲ καὶ σὺ πομπὸς ἐκ φάους κάτω
φρούδοισιν ἡγεῖ κεῦθος ἐς μελάγχιμον,
ἵν' οὔτε κέρδος ἔστ' ἔτ' οὔτ' ἀλγηδόνες,
εἰ μὴ σκιαῖς γε φασμάτων ὀνείρατα.
ἴθ' οὖν, ἐπίσκοφ' ἡγεμών, θεὸς φίλε,—
ὡς τῷδ' ἐπ' ἔργῳ γῆθεν ἐξεγρήγορας
μυχὸν λιπὼν Ἠλεῖον ἀσφαλῆ θ' ὕπνον,—
βρέφος μὲν ἱερᾷ δὸς Ῥέᾳ σεμνῇ θεῶν
παλαιτέρων που μητρὶ κοὐκ ἂν ἥσσοσιν
ἰωμένῃ θέλκτροισι παρακόπους λίαν
τούτῳ 'πιούσας λήματος ῥιπὰς νέου·
αὐτὸς δὲ ῥάβδον σὴν δρακοντώδη λαβὼν

ψυχὰς πρεπόντως παρακάλει κατηκόους
γονὰς ἀκαίρους τάσδε γῆς τ' ἐπήλυδας
ξένης μετοίκους· αἷς ἐπάρκεσις σέθεν
ταῖς μὲν πονούσαις ταῖς δ' ἀνασχούσαις πόνων
νῦν γε σπανιστὴ κἀσθενὴς πορσύνεται.
οὐχ αἷδ', ἐκείνων ὥς ποτ' ἀκολάστων σκιαὶ
τόξοις δαμέντων ποινίμοις, πτοούμεναι
πτήξουσιν, ἔμπεδον δ' ἐπισπεύσουσ' ὁδόν,
ἕως ἂν ἐσθλῶν εἰς ὁμήγυριν νεκρῶν
καλὴν ἵκωνται καὶ τότ' ἐκσεσωμέναι
πάσης ἅμ' ὀδύνης καὶ χαρᾶς, πτηνῶν παθῶν,
ἕδρᾳ βεβαίᾳ τ' ἐντύχωσ' ἀναψυχῇ. A. S. G.

Καὶ γὰρ σύ γ', ὦναξ, καὶ σὺ τὸν σμικρὸν βροτῶν
ἔργων τε φροντίδων τε πληρώσας βίον
τέλος προπέμπεις τὰς ἀνηλίους ὁδοὺς
ψυχὴν ἐκεῖσ' ἐς αἶαν ὀρφναίαν, ὅπου
πένθος τε κέρδος τ' ἢ οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ἢ κενῆς
ὀνειρόφαντα ζῇ σκιᾶς δοκήματα.
ἴθ' οὖν, φίλον φρούρημ', ὑφηγητὴς θεός·
τούτου γὰρ οὕνεκ' ἐξεγρήγορας λιπὼν
τὴν Ἥλιδ' ἥ ποτ' εἶχέ σ' εὖ κοιμώμενον.
Ῥέᾳ δίδου τὸ τέκνον, ἥτις ἐξ ἴσου,
δεινή γε μήτηρ τῶν παλαιτέρων θεῶν,
σάφ' οἶδ' ἐπῳδαῖς ἐμμανῆ θέλγειν νέας
φρενὸς τροπαίαν· ῥάβδον οὖν, διπλοῦν ὄφιν,
λαβὼν ἄθροιζε πρός σε τῶνδ' ὑπηκόους
ψυχάς, ὅσοισιν ἐν ξένῃ χθονὶ ξένοις,
ἀωρίαν γεγῶσιν, ἐν πόνοις ἴσως
κἂν ἀμπνοῇ σὺ σπάνιος ἀλλ' ὅμως νέμεις
παρὼν σὸν ὠφέλημα· τοιοῦτοι γὰρ ἂν
ἥκοντά σ' οὐκ ὀκνοιεν ἐπτοημένοι
ὡς οἱ λεωργοὶ πρὸς δίκην τιμαόροις
τόξοις θανόντες, ἀλλ' ἀταρβήτῳ ποδὶ
ἕποιντ' ἄν, ἔστ' ἐλθόντες εἰς ὁμήγυριν
τῶν εὐγενῶν καλήν τιν', εἶτ' ἐφημέρου
ἄλγους ἀπαλλαγέντες ἡδονῆς θ' ἅμα
εὕροιντο δῶμα κἀνάπαυλαν εἰς ἀεί.

 C. M. W.

VII

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious sun perceives
First, when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world; and, vainly favoured, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow.
And, underneath the Mount, a flower I know
He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
At his approach; and in the lost endeavour
To live his life, has parted, one by one,
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
With ray-like flowers round a disk-like face.
Men nobly call by many a name the Mount
As over many a land of theirs its large
Calm front of snow like a triumphal targe
Is reared, and still with old names fresh names vie,
Each to its proper praise and own account:
Men call the Flower the Sunflower sportively.

R. Browning.

Ὄρος μὲν οἶδ' ὁ Φοῖβος ἵλεως ὁρᾷ
πρῶτόν τ' ἐπελθὼν ὕστατόν τ' ἐπ' ἐξόδῳ,
χάριν ματαίαν· ὡς μεταλλαγῆς ἄτερ
μέτωπον εὐρὺ χιονοθρέμμον ἥσυχον
ἄποινα φέγγους ἐμπέδου τε δέργματος
ἅπαν κατ' ἦμαρ οὐδὲν ἀνταμείβεται.
ἄνθος δ' ἐπιστάμεσθα τῷδ' ὑπόσκιον,
οὐχ ἡλίῳ νοητόν, εἰσαεὶ δ', ὅταν
κεῖνος πελάζῃ, διὰ μεταλλαγῆς ἰόν·
κενὴν ὁ πεῖραν ἁρπάσαι θηρώμενον
τοῦ ζῆν ἐκείνῳ κοίν' ἀπώλεσεν καθ' ἓν
ἕκαστον, εἴ τι κάλλος ἄνθεσιν πρέπει
μάλιστα, κάλλους οὐ προσήκοντος χάριν,
εἴδωλον ἄλλως ἡλίου μιμητὸν ὄν,
κυκλωτὸς ἀκτινηδὸν ἀνθέμοις τροχός.

τὸ μὲν προτιμῶσ' ὀνόμασιν πολλοῖς βροτοί,
ἕστηκεν οὖπερ χιονοθρέμμον ἥσυχον
μέτωπον εὐρὺ πολυπλέθρου γαίας ὕπερ,
σάκος τι καλλίνικον· ἀρχαίοις τ' ἔτι
ὀνόμασιν ἄλλοις ἄλλ' ἁμιλλᾶται νέα,
ἃ πάντ' ἐς αἶνον ἴδιον οἰκεῖόν τ' ὄρους
ἀποβλέπει· τὸ δ', ὡς ἐπωνομασμένον
Φοίβου, γέλωτα πρὸς βροτῶν ὀφλισκάνει.

J. C. M.

Ἔγνωκ' ὄρος τι κλεινόν· ἥλιος τόδε
ἕωθεν αὐγαῖς ἱστορεῖ πρῶτος φανείς,
ταῖς δ' ἐσχάταις ἀκτῖσιν ἐς δύσιν φθίνων·
κρημνὸς δέ, καίπερ δαρὸν εἰσδεδεγμένος
αἴγλην παρούσης λαμπάδος πανήμερον,
νιφόεν πρόσωπον οὐδὲν ἀλλάσσει βολαῖς
θερμαῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἄτεγκτος ἡσύχως ἔχει.
ἔνερθε δ' αὐτοῦ, τοῦ τ' ἐπελθόντος θεοῦ
ἀτημέλητον, ἄνθος ἀλλάσσει, πόθῳ
τοῦ μὴ ποθοῦντος, σύντροφον ζωῆς φυήν,
μάτην τ' ἐρᾷ πως κἀξομοιοῦσθαι θέλει·
διαλλαγαῖς δὲ τὴν ἀνήριθμον χάριν,
φυτοῖς ὁποῖα δ' ἐστὶ καλλιστεύματα,
ὀλώλεκεν δύστηνον, ὡς ποθοῦν ἀεὶ
αὐτοῦ πρόσωπον ἡλίῳ προσεικάσαι,
κύκλωμα πετάλων ἀφρόνως ἀντηλίων
αὐγαῖσιν εὐείλοισιν ἐξισούμενον.
πολυώνυμον τόδ' ἐστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ὄρος
τοῖς εὖ λέγουσιν· καὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἐπόψιον
νήσοισι πολλαῖς, νιφόεν εὐαγὲς λέπας
τηλωπόν, ὥσπερ Παλλάδος λαμπρὸν σάκος,
καινῶν παλαιῶν τ' ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία·
ὄνομα δ' ἕκαστον ἀξιοῖ τὴν κληδόνα.
τὸ δ' ἄνθος οἱ παίζοντες Ἡλίου Φυτὸν
καλοῦσιν, ὄψιν ἡλίου μιμούμενον.

E. D. A. M.

VIII

AND while he waited in the castle court
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear through the open casement of the hall
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at morn
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labour of his hands,
To think or say, 'There is the nightingale.'

TENNYSON.

Κείνου δ' ἐν αὐλῇ τῇ 'ν μέσῳ τειχίσματι
μένοντος, ἄφνω θυρίδα μελπούσης λιγὺ
φωνὴ διῆξεν 'Ηνίδος τῆς Αἰόλου
λιγυρᾷ πρὸς αἰθέρ' ἡδὺ μελπούσης ὀπί.
χὤπως προσίσχων νῆσον εἴς τιν' ἀστιβῆ
εἴ τις δι' ὤτων φθεγματ' ὄρνιθος λάβοι
κἀπεικάσειε συννοούμενος φρενὶ
οἷός τις ὢν δέμας τε καὶ πτερῶν φυὴν
τοιόνδε λαμπροῦ στόματος ἐκχέοι μέλος,
εὔφωνος οὕτως 'Ηνίδος Γεράντιον
ἔθελξε μολπή· ταὔτ' ἀνὴρ πάθοι τις ἂν
θυραῖος οἰχνῶν ἡλίου κατ' ἀντολάς,
πρώτιστ' ἐπειδὰν τὴν Βρεταννίαν μόλῃ
γλυκεῖα φωνὴ πᾶσι φιλτάτη βροτοῖς
πνοαῖσι ῥόθιον οἶδμ' ὕπερ φορουμένη,
ἔπειτα δ' ἄφνω θάμνος ἀντηχῇ βρύων
χλόης τε καὶ φοίνικος εὔρυθμον μέλος·
ὁ δ' αὖ, φίλων του τὴν ὁμιλίαν μεθεὶς
ἤ πού τι μηχάνημα χειρός, ἐννοῇ
ἢ καὶ κατείπῃ, τῆς ἀηδόνος κλύω.

E. D. S.

IX

YOU never know what life means till you die:
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life live,
Gives it whatever the significance.
For see, on your own ground and argument,
Suppose life had no death to fear, how find
A possibility of nobleness
In man, prevented daring any more?
What's love, what's faith without a worst to dread?
Lack-lustre jewelry! but faith and love
With death behind them bidding do or die—
Put such a foil at back, the sparkle's born!
From out myself how the strange colours come!
Is there a new rule in another world?
Be sure I shall resign myself: as here
I recognized no law I could not see.
There, what I see, I shall acknowledge too.
Unmanned, remanned: I hold it probable—
With something changeless at the heart of me
To know me by, some nucleus that's myself.

R. Browning.

Θανὼν τότ' ἤδη μανθάνεις τὸ ζῆν ὅ τι
πέφυκεν ὄντως· πάντα γοῦν βίον πάρα
τοῦ γνησίως ζῆν θάνατος αἰτία μόνη,
τὴν δύναμιν, οἱαδήποτ' ἐστίν, ἐντιθείς.
σὺ δ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ χρώμενος σκήπτου λόγῳ
ὡς ζῶντι δῆθεν θάνατος οὐ φοβητέος·
καὶ πῶς ἀφορμὴν ἂν τὸ γενναῖον λάβοι,
περισσὰ τολμᾶν μὴ παρὸν θνητοῖς γ' ἔτι;
ποῦ δῆτ' ἔρως, ποῦ πίστις ἔσχατον παθεῖν
ἄτρεστος οὖσ'; ἆρ' οὐχὶ ταῦτ' αἴγλης ἄτερ
ἀγάλματ' ἄλλως; θὲς δὲ πᾶν τοὐναντίον,
ὡς ἐν γραφαῖσιν εἶδος ἐσκιασμένον,
ὄπισθ' ἔρωτος πίστεώς θ' ἑστηκότα
Θάνατον, ἐπαίροντ' ἤ τι δρᾶν ἢ τεθνάναι.
οὐ τέξεταί τι λαμπρὸν ἡ ξυνουσία;
ἔμοιγ' ἀήθως ἐξέλαμψε χρώματα.
ἦ κα παρ' Ἅιδῃ θεσμὸς οὐχ αὐτὸς κρατεῖ;
εἴξοντά τοι σάφ' ἴσθι μ'· ὥσπερ ἐνθάδε
νόμους ἀΐστους οὐκ ἔτλην καταινέσαι,
οὕτως ἐκεῖ φανεῖσι πείσομαι νόμοις.
ἄνθρωπος οὐκ ὤν, καινοποιηθεὶς δέ πως
ἔοικα θρέψειν σπέρμ' ἔσω τι σύμφυτον,
σαφῆ χαρακτῆρ', οὐ μεταλλακτόν ποτε.

J. C. M.

X

SLEEPING or dead alike they sank from sight,
And through the ages no man recked to mourn
For their mild brows and presence tutelar,
Similitude divine, divinely wrought.
But now once more with keen remorseful eyes,
And hunger of the heart for beauty dead,
Men seek them sorrowing, and with painful hands
Upturn the sacred soil till, maimed and rare,
Strange clouded fragments of the ancient glory,
Late lingerers of the company divine,
Arise like glimmering phantoms of a dream.
Yet even in ruin of their marble limbs
They breathe of that far world wherefrom they came
Of liquid light and harmonies serene,
Lost halls of heaven and large Olympian air.

ERNEST MYERS.

Ἴσως καθεύδοντές τε καὶ τεθνηκότες
ᾤχοντ' ἄϊστοι, καὶ δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ
οὐκ ἦν ὃς ἠξίωσε καὶ στένειν ποτὲ
τὸ πρᾶον ὄμμα καὶ τὸ προστατήριον
εἶδος, τὸ θεῖον κἀκ θεῶν εἰργασμένον.
νῦν δ' ὀξύθηκτον αὖ πόθον δεδορκότες
καὶ καλλονῆς πεινῶντες ἠφανισμένης
λυπούμενοι ζητοῦσι, καὶ χερῶν πόνῳ
ἱρᾶς πέδον γῆς ἐξαναστρέφουσ', ἕως
σπάνιά τε χωλά τ' εἰκόνων ἐρείπια,
ἀμβλωπὰ δόξης τῆς πάροιθε θαύματα,
θείας χρονίζοντ' ἐξ ὁμιλίας, φανῇ,
δόκημ' ἀμαυρὸν ἐνυπνίων φαντασμάτων.
ὅμως δ' ἐν ἄρθρων λαΐνων διαφθορᾷ
κείνης ἔτι ζῇ γῆς παλαιφάτου πνοή,
ὅθενπερ ἦλθον, νηνέμου τ' εὐμουσίας
λαμπροῦ τε φέγγους αἰθέρος τ' Ὀλυμπίου
τῆς τ' οὐκέτ' οὔσης δαιμόνων ἀναστροφῆς.

C. M. W.

XI

And all was still; and now
In that great quietness the sun came up,
And there were marks across it, as it were
The shadow of a Hand upon the sun—
Three fingers dark and dread, and afterward
There rose a white thick mist, that peacefully
Folded the fair earth in her funeral shroud,
The earth that gave no token, save that now
There fell a little trembling under foot.
And even then
There was a noise of weeping and lament;
The words of them that were affrighted, yea,
And cried for grief of heart. There came to him
The mother and her children, and they cried,
'Speak, father, what is this? What hast thou done?'
And when he lifted up his face, he saw
Japhet, his well-belovèd, where he stood
Apart; and Amarant leaned upon his breast
And hid her face, for she was sore afraid,
And lo! the robes of her betrothal gleamed
White in the deadly gloom.

Jean Ingelow.

Τέως ἐσίγα πάντα, χὠ μέγας πέριξ
αἰθὴρ γαλήνην εἶχεν, ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἡλίου
ἀνέσχε λαμπάς, σήματ' ἐγγεγραμμένη
ἄρρητα θείας, ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων, χερὸς
τριῶν τ' ἀμαυρὰ δακτύλων εἰκάσματα.
κἄπειθ' ὁμίχλην ἦν ἰδεῖν λευκόπτερον
πυκνῶς ἐπαντέλλουσαν, ἔστ' ἐπήρατον
γῆν ἀψοφητὶ πᾶσαν, ὡς ἐπ' ἐκφορᾷ
περιστελοῦσ', ἔκρυψεν· ἡ δ' ἄσημος ἦν,
πλὴν εἰ λάθρᾳ τις μυχόθεν ἐρροίβδει τρόμος.
ἐνταῦθα δ' ἦν δι' ὠτὸς ἀλαλαγὴ πικρά,
κώκυμα δυσθρήνητον, ὡς φόβοισί του
δαμέντος· εἶτ' ἐφαίνεθ' ἡ μήτηρ πέλας
παίδων ἄγουσα ζεῦγος· οἱ δ' ἦκαν βοήν,
'ἔα· τί πάσχων ποῖ' ἐβουλεύσω, πάτερ;'
ὁ δ' ὄμμ' ἐπάρας Ἰάπετον φίλον τέκος
ἑστῶτα χωρὶς εἶδεν. ἡ δὲ παῖς ὁμοῦ
πρὸς στέρνα τοῦδ' ἠρείδετ', ἐπτοημένον
ὄμμ' ἐγκαλύψασ', ἐν δὲ θανασίμῳ σκότῳ
τοῦ νυμφικοῦ φῶς λευκὸν ἔστιλβεν πέπλου.

L. H. E.

XII

FAREWELL, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now:
And let mild pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child:
For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Though wrapped in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And, though
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.
So mayst thou die as I do, fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! farewell! farewell!

SHELLEY.

Ὦ χαῖρ' ἀδελφὲ φίλταθ'· ὡς δὲ νῦν, ἀεὶ
φέρ' ἡσύχως σὺ τἀμὰ δυστυχοῦς κακά,
κἀξ ἠπίας τοιαῦτ' ἐποικτείρων φρενὸς
ἄχθος τὸ σὸν κούφιζε· μηδ' ἄνελπις ὢν
τραχύς θ' ἁμάρτῃς μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐγκαρτέρει
δακρυρροῶν περ. ἓν δ' ἔτ' αἰτοῦμαι, τέκνον·
σέθεν γ' ἕκατι μὴ προδῷς ὅν μοι τρέφεις
ἔρωτα, πίστιν τήνδ' ἀεὶ πεπεισμένος,
ὅπως ἔγωγε, καίπερ ἐστολισμένη
αἴσχους τι δεινὸν καὶ πανουργίας νέφος,

ἀκήρατος διῆγον εὐσεβῶς βίον.
ἢν δ' αὖ με δεννάσῃ ποτ' ἀνθρώπων ψόγος,
καὶ κοινὸν ἡμῶν ὄνομα σοί γ' ἀναιτίῳ
ὡς στίγμα τῳπιόντι χειρόδεικτον ᾖ,
ὅμως σὺ τλῆθι, μηδὲ δυσμενῆ φρόνει
κείνοισιν, οἵ σε κἀν νεκροῖς φιλοῦσ' ἴσως.
οὕτω τεθναίης, ὡς ἐγώ, φόβου τε καὶ
δύης κρατήσας· χαῖρε νῦν πανύστατον.

C. M. W.

Ὦ χαῖρ', ἀδελφῶν ἠπιώτατον κάρα,
μέμνησο δ' εὔφρων ὡς ἔχεις ἃ δεῖ παθεῖν,
φρονῶν θ' ὑπ' οἴκτου μαλθάχ' ὧδε κούφισον
λύπην βαρεῖαν· μηδ' ἄγαν δύσθυμος ὢν
δακρύων κατάσχες νάματ' ἀλλ' ἔνδον γενοῦ.
ἓν δ' οὖν πέρα τόδ' ἐννοοῦ—τὴν σὴν χάριν
ἡμᾶς βεβαίως μὴ παρῇς τὸ μὴ οὐ φιλεῖν
ὡς ἐς τόδ' ἦμαρ δεῦρο, πιστωθεὶς ὅτι,
αἰσχροῦ νέφος περ ἐστολισμένη μύσους
θαυμαστόν, ἀνεπίπληκτος ἤγνευον βίον.
ἐὰν δὲ τρώσῃ κἄμ' ἐπίψογος φάτις,
ὄνομά τε κοινὸν ᾖ σκοπός τις εἰς ὀφρὺν
τὴν σὴν χαραχθεὶς τῳπιόντι δεικνύναι
ὁσίου περ ὄντος, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀντέχου, τέκνον,
κακὸν δὲ μηδὲν τοῖς ἴσως κἀκεῖ τὰ σὰ
φρονοῦσιν ἴσθι, χὧδ' ἂν ὡς ἐγὼ θάνοις
κρείσσων ἄχους τε δειμάτων τ'· ὦ χαῖρε σύ,
καὶ χαῖρ' ἔτ' αὖθις κἀν τρίτοις προσφθέγμασιν.

W. F. R. S.

XIII

I FOUND him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd him in the flowering of his fields,
But in his ways with men I find him not.
I waged his wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser God had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance, because we see not to the close;—
For I, being simple, thought to work his will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.

TENNYSON.

Θεὸν μὲν ἔγνων ἐν πυροῖσιν ἀστέρων
λειμωνίοις τε φανερὸν ὄντ' ἐν ἄνθεσιν·
τὸ δ' οὐ ξυνῆκα, τὰν βροτοῖς ὅπως νέμει,
κἄμ' ἐξαϊστοῖ πιστὰ συμμαχοῦντ' ἀεί.
οἴμοι· τί γὰρ δὴ τἀνθάδ' εἰκάζειν ἔχω;
πότερον θεός τις ἀσθενὴς τάδ' ἔκτισεν,
κᾆτ' ᾔσθετ' οὐ κατ' ἐλπίδ' ἰσχύων πλάσαι,
πρὶν δὴ πρόσωθεν εἰσιδὼν ὁ παγκρατὴς
ἵκοιτο, κἀς τὸ κάλλος αὖ μεθαρμόσαι;
ἢ τοὐκ θεῶν μὲν εὖ κεκόσμηται τάδε,
βροτοὶ δ', ἐπαργέμοισιν ὀφθαλμοῖς μόγις
βλέποντες, οὐχ οἷοί τε ναμερτὲς νοεῖν,
ἄδηλον ὂν δὴ ποῖ ποθ' εἵμαρται τελεῖν;
ἐγὼ δ' ἄνους ὤν, θεῷ θ' ὑπηρετεῖν δοκῶν,
τέλος πέφασμαι φασγάνῳ παίσας μάτην.
ἅπαντα δ' ἀλόχου καὶ φίλων πιστώματα
προὔδωκε κἀνέτρεψέ μ', ἡ δ' ἀρχὴ φθορᾷ
ἐκθηριοῦται πᾶσα κἀξόλωλέ μοι.

A. S.

XIV

'MOAN, brethren, moan, for we are swallow'd up
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
And peaceful sway upon man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. Moan and wail;
Moan, brethren, moan; for lo, the rebel spheres
Spin round; the stars their ancient courses keep;
Clouds still with shadowy moisture haunt the earth,
Still suck their fill of light from sun and moon;
Still buds the tree, and still the seashores murmur;
There is no death in all the universe,
No smell of death.—There shall be death. Moan, moan;
Moan, Cybele, moan; for thy pernicious babes
Have chang'd a god into an aching palsy.'

KEATS.

Γοᾶσθ' ἀδελφοί· καὶ γὰρ ἠφανισμένοι
ἀπειργόμεσθα μὴ τὰ θεῖα δρᾶν θεοί,
εἶτ' οὖν πλανήτων εὐμενῶς διεξόδους
κοσμεῖν ἀμαυρῶν, εἶτ' ἄρ' εὔκαρπον θέρος
θνητοῖς ἀέξειν ἡσύχως, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ὅσ' ἂν
τὸ θεῖον ἔργ' ἔρωτος ἐμπλῆσαι φιλῇ.
ἴτ' οὖν, γοᾶσθε πανδάκρυτ' ὀδύρματα·
ἰδοὺ γάρ, αἰθὴρ κἂν θέλω κἂν μὴ θέλω
κυλίνδεται πᾶς, ἄστρα τ' ἀρχαίας τρίβους
τρέχει, νέφη τε κἄτι νῦν ἐφίσταται
τῇ γῇ σκιώδει νοτίδι, κἀκπίνοντ' ἔτι
φέγγος σελήνης ἡλίου τ' ἄδην ἔχει,
καὶ δένδρ' ἔτ' ὀργᾷ ῥαχία τ' ἔτι κτυπεῖ·
κοὐκ ἔστι θάνατος πᾶσι τοῖς ὑπ' οὐρανῷ,
οὐδ' ᾔσθετ' οὐδείς—καίριος δ' ἂν οὖν μόλοι.
γοᾶσθ' ἔτ' αὖθις, καὶ σύ γ' ὦ μῆτερ θεῶν·
σοῦ γὰρ μάταιν' ἤμειψεν ἐκ θεοῦ βρέφη
τόδ' ἄθλιόν τε καὶ παράορον δέμας. W. F. R. S.

Οἰμώξατ' ἤδη πολλά, συγγενεῖς θεοί,
τεθαμμένοι γὰρ τῇδ' ἀπειργόμεσθα δὴ
τὸ μήθ' ὁδηγεῖν ἀστέρων λευκὴν φλόγα,
καρπούς τε θνητοῖς πρευμενῶς συνεκπονεῖν,
μήδ' ἄλλο μηδὲν δρᾶν ἔθ', ᾧ πάλαι φρενῶν
θείων ἄπειρος ἵμερος κουφίζεται.
οἰμώξατ' οὖν σύμφωνον οἷς πεπόνθαμεν,
πόλον θ' ὁρῶντες ἡμὶν ὡς ἄπιστος ὢν
ὅμως κυκλοῦταί γ', ἄστρα τ' ἀρχαίαν ἔτι
τάξιν φυλάσσει καὶ νεφῶν ὁμήγυρις
ὑγροῖσι γαῖαν συσκιαζόντων πτεροῖς
φέγγει σελήνης θ' ἡλίου τε δεύεται,
θάλλουσι θ' ὕλαι καὶ ψοφεῖ περίρρυτος
ἀκτή, προσέρπει δ' οὐδαμόθεν ὀσμὴ φθορᾶς.
ἥξει δ' ἄρ' ἥξει γ', ὥστ' ἔτ' οἰμώξειν ἀκμή,
Ῥέᾳ γε πρώτισθ', ἧς ὑπ' ὀλεθρίων τέκνων
νόσος καθεστὼς ἐκ θεοῦ μαραίνομαι.

 E. A. B.

XV

I WANDERING went
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within
Expressed in outward things; but soon I looked,
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other even as spirits do,
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
'All hope abandon ye who enter here';
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
Until the subject of a tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.

SHELLEY.

Βροτῶν κατ' ἤθη καὶ δόμους ἀλωμένη
ἠλγυνόμην τὸ πρῶτον, ἐννοοῦσ' ὅτι
τἄνδον μὲν αὐτοῖς εὖ μεθήρμοσται φρενῶν,
τὰ δ' ἐκτὸς οὔπω ξυμμέτρως μετηλλάγη·
αὖθίς γε μὴν ἀθροῦσα κοιράνων θρόνους
ἔγνων ἐρημωθέντας, ἀνθρώπους δ' ὁμοῦ
φίλως ξυναλλάσσοντας, ὥστε δαίμονας,
οἷς οὔθ' ὑβρίζειν οὔτε θωπεύειν θέμις·
κοὐ μῖσος, οὔ τι γαῦρον, οὐκ αὐθαδίαν,
οὐδ' αἶσχος, οὐδὲ δεῖμ', ἐπ' ὀφρύσιν βροτῶν
γεγραμμέν' εἶδον, οἷα τὰν Ἅιδου πύλαις,
τοὺς εἰσιόντας μηδὲν ἐλπίζειν ἔτι·
οὐ τραχὺς ἦν τις οὐδὲ τρομερός, οὐ φόβοις
τηρῶν ἀτέγκτου βλέμματος κελεύσματα,
ἕως τυράννων ἐντολαῖς δουλούμενος,
αὐτός θ' ἑαυτῷ, λῦμ' ἔτ' αἴσχιον, δαμείς,
πόνοις διώλεθ' ἵππος ὡς παρειμένος.

A. S.

LATIN HEXAMETERS

I

SO these two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her
'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again
'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear featur'd face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

TENNYSON.

AT fratres curru sublatam in pontibus atris,
lectus ubi constratus erat, posuere sororem,
liliaque affigunt dextrae, clipeique decorum
suspendunt tegumen supra caput, arte manuque
virginea pictum, et flentes ad tecta revertunt.
tum lingua captus gentis vetus ille satelles
surgit, et adversum remis urgetur in amnem
mortua cum muto; cumbam adiuvat aestus euntem.
dextra tenet flores: comprensa est charta sinistra:
effusique fluunt, ceu vestis lucida, crines:
stragulaque ex auro splendebant omnia, ad ipsum
hinc illinc collecta latus: tum candida formam
palla tegit: tantum ora patent, lumenque remittunt
purpureum, vix ut crudeli pallida leto,
sed dulci radiare putes per somnia risu. E. D. S.

NEC mora, sublatum curru lectoque repostum
virgineum fratres sternunt in lintre cadaver:
lilia dant dextrae, et supra caput incluta notae
picta ipsius acu suspendunt tegmina parmae:
oscula dant fronti tacitae; et 'dulcissima, longum'
non semel 'o germana, vale,' suprema gementes,
sic demum effusi discedunt fletibus ora.
tunc oritur vetus ille et captus voce satelles
mortuaque effertur virgo cum remige muto
accedente aestu: de dextra lilia pendent:
laeva tenet chartam: fluitat nitor ille comarum:
lumborum tenus aurato subtemine picta
stragula tenduntur; niveo velantur amictu
cetera, nudata clari dulcedine vultus
miranda visu: nec mortua visa iacebat,
sopitam potius placidum ridere putares.

H. K.

II

AY, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
Not her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her deity false in human amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse—
Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad,
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:
Which things appear the work of mighty gods.

TENNYSON.

AT non te canere institui; nec totius Idae
quam pineta tremiscebant, de sede quieta
dum venit, aethere lapsa suo, blandis Phryga captans
illecebris, procul omnis ubi armentariu' cessit;
nec, venatorem violento vulnere victum
incumbens super, humana cuppedine fletus
quae dedit, et norat se casso numine divam;
nec Venus illa meast quam mali munere dignam
censuit arbiter imberbis superareque forma.
Calliopen potius—pro divum numina sancta—
qua ratione accivit, ut aurea dicta lepore
imbueret, Paphiamque item eandemst ille precatus,
insula quem triquetris praeclarum gessit in oris,
consimili ratione, sacri de more poetae,
usus eram toto vulgatum nomen in orbe
istud, uti simulata cluerent omniparentis
vis naturai fecunda almique calores,
qualia saepe solent pecudum pertundere crassum
sanguen, ubi terrae lustrantur lumine largo,
laetos uberibus pressis satiarier agnos
cum videas, et saecla avium dare pectore ab ipso
carmen, et undique purpureos flammescere flores:
quae iam non sine dis pollentibus esse rearis.

A. B. R.

III

'LYAEUS, King! by thee alone
To song may change our tuneless moan,
The murmur of the bitter sea
To ancient tales be changed by thee.
By thee the unnamed smouldering fire
Within our hearts turns to desire
Sweet, amorous, half satisfied;
Through thee the doubtful years untried
Seem fair to us and fortunate,
In spite of death, in spite of fate.'

He ceased, and bent his head above the wine:
Then, as he raised his eyes they saw them shine
In the red torchlight with unwilling tears,
And their hearts too, with thoughts of vanished years
Were pensive, as at ending of his song
They heard the bubbling river speed along,
Nor did they miss that doubtful noise to hear
The rising night-wind through the branches bear,
Till sleep fell on them, and the watch alone
Waked in that place, and heard the distant moan
Grow louder as the dead night stiller grew.

W. Morris.

MOLLIA discordes si pellunt carmina questus,
rex Lenaee, tuum est; pelagi tu plangor amari
ut veterum sonet acta virum facis unus, et ignes
arcanos quos corda fovent vix conscia flammae
in dulcem vertis, non ut satietur, amorem.
tempora inexperto saeclorum condita lapsu
fortunata tamen nobis et pulchra videntur,
auspice te, nec mors prohibet nec fila Sororum.
Sic ait, inclinatque caput, quasi pocula libet:
inde oculos levat; at rutilantis lumine taedae
iniusso socii cernunt umore micantes;
et venit in mentem annorum meminisse priorum.
carmina enim cessant, vacuas et plenior aures
spumosum properantis iter fragor occupat amnis,
nec minus increscentis inenarrabile murmur
percipitur nocturnae aurae ramosque moventis,
donec somnus habet cunctos; custodia tantum
excubias agitare, quibus clarescere visi
longinqui fremitus, quo densior alta silet nox.

E. D. S.

IV

THUS musing, in a wood I sate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse: the slopes
And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread
With darkness, and before a rippling breeze
The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,
And in the sheltered coppice where I sate,
Around me from among the hazel leaves,
Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,
The off and on companion of my walk;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were there;
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

WORDSWORTH.

HAEC ego dum meditor, nemoris sub tegmine sedi
solus, et usque adeo meditanti labitur altos
lenta super clivos nox subrepentibus umbris.
flatibus interea tremulis crispata patescunt
aequora longa lacus procul albescentia: sedes
ipsa, ego quam petii media in coryleta remotam,
dum varii nunc huc Zephyri nunc commovet illuc
aura comas, prope me alternis spirare videtur
haustibus, ut crebro trepidante Molossus anhelat
pectore saepe comes per agros mihi fidus eunti;
atque ego non numquam deceptus imagine versis
respicio exspectans oculis, si advenerit ipse:
tunc iterum exploro curas atque intima mentis.

A. S. G.

V

OR let it be on autumn nights when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls,
Shedding her pensive light at intervals,
The moon through the clerestory window shines,
And the wind washes 'mid the mountain pines;
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliaged marble forests where ye lie,
'Hush,' ye will say, 'it is eternity!
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the heavenly palaces.'
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

M. ARNOLD.

NOCTIBUS aut quotiens fusi auctumnalibus imbres
vos super illacrimant, et plumbo leve sacelli
per tectum crepitant guttis, distinctaque saxis
hinc atque hinc placido suffundit lumine muros
ordine dispositis alto quae immissa fenestris
luna venit, liquidumque sonant ad flamina pinus—
luce iuvet dubia, celsis ubi silva columnis
impendet vobis et sculpto marmore frondes,
suspicere et leni laetos mussare susurro
'haec ergo est aeterna quies: salvete deorum
limina, sublustresque aditus: agnoscimus illa
marmora, queis magni fulcitur regia caeli.'
sic vos caelicolum vento vaga flabra trahente
credetis transire alas: cumque obsita musco
imber tecta ferit crepitans, haec illa perennis
visa erit audiri stillantis copia amoris.

A. D. G.

VI

NOT here my place of rest; far hence I seek
Beyond or world of Gods or world of men,
The Tower of ancient Kronos, where he dwells
Amid the Blessed Isles, his final home,
The habitation of a holy calm.
There evermore the West-winds dewy-winged,
Borne o'er the Ocean-river, lightly breathe;
And over all that sweet and solemn realm
Broods a mild golden light of mellow beam,
Less bright by far than this celestial splendour,
A low warm light, as of eternal eve.
And there are gathered, or shall gather soon,
All my dear kindred, offspring of the Earth,
The brotherhood Titanic, finding there
Harbour desired, and after sore exile
Rejoining well content their ancient King.

ERNEST MYERS.

AT non hic requies. Procul hinc turrita requiro
moenia Saturni veteris, finesque beatos
ultra hominumque Deumque domos. hic ultima sedes,
hic illi domus, et divinae templa quietis.
illic adsidui spirant rorantibus alis
leniter ex ponto Zephyri; lateque per agros
religione sua mira et dulcedine sanctos
aureus incumbit radiis lucentibus aether,
caelesti longe minor hoc splendore, sed idem
ceu foret aeterno sublustris lumine Vesper.
mox illuc venient, nisi iam venisse putandumst,
cara mihi fraterna cohors, Titania proles
terrigenum: iuvat optatos attingere portus
iam tandem, exsilioque inter tot dura peracto
antiquo gaudent iterum se adiungere regi. T. L. P.

HIC mihi nulla datur requies; aliunde petenda est.
stat procul ultra hominumque vias divumque remota,
qua lavat Oceanus felicia rura piorum,
Saturni turrita domus, senis ultima sedes,
cara deo statio, et sancta tranquilla quiete.
roscidus hanc semper Zephyri levis halitus oram,
vectus ab Oceano, mulcet: molli alma nitore
incumbit grati per sacra silentia campi
aurea lux, minus illa quidem hoc splendore polorum
fulgida, sed iubare occiduo tepefacta nitescit,
purpureus tamquam vesper sine fine ruberet.
huc mihi congressi aut mox congredientur amati,
quos genuit Tellus, fratres, Titania pubes:
hic tandem exsilii perpessos taedia longi
hospitium optatamque domum reperire iuvabit,
et laetos prisco comites sese addere regi.

 F. J. K.

VII

WHEN the gods heard they straight arose and took
Their horses, and rode forth through all the world;
North, south, east, west they struck and roam'd the world,
Entreating all things to weep Balder's death.
And all that lived, and all without life, wept.
And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end, before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and thaw sets in—
After an hour a dripping sound is heard
In all the forests, and the soft strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
And from the boughs the snow loads shuffle down,
And, in fields sloping to the south, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back;
And there fell joy upon the gods to hear.

M. ARNOLD.

HIS simul auditis consurgitur: ilicet omnis
turba Deum conscendit equos, terrasque peragrat,
haec Boream, pars illa Notum petit: itur ad Euros
et Zephyrum: labor unus agit diversa sequentes,
scilicet ut Phoebo cuncta illacrimentur adempto,
vivaque quaeque carent anima simul omnia plorent.
ac veluti sub casum hiemis cum frigora languent
ante aditum veris, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
solvere se coepit durae inclementia brumae,
continuo in silvis guttarum tabidus imber
dat sonitum, crebroque exesa cavatur hiatu
planities nivis, et discussa mole levantur
bracchia, quoque supinus ager se inclinat ad Austrum
infuscat niveos insertum gramen acervos,
iam magis atque magis: grata vice gaudet arator.
omnia sic totum pluere exaudita per orbem
si fletu possint Phoebum revocare sub auras,
laetitiaque sonus pertemptat pectora Divum.

E. D. S.

VIII

YOU never know what life means till you die:
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life live,
Gives it whatever the significance.
For see, on your own ground and argument,
Suppose life had no death to fear, how find
A possibility of nobleness
In man, prevented daring any more?
What's love, what's faith without a worst to dread?
Lack-lustre jewelry! but faith and love
With death behind them bidding do or die—
Put such a foil at back, the sparkle's born!
From out myself how the strange colours come!
Is there a new rule in another world?
Be sure I shall resign myself: as here
I recognized no law I could not see,
There, what I see, I shall acknowledge too,
Unmanned, remanned: I hold it probable—
With something changeless at the heart of me
To know me by, some nucleus that's myself.

R. Browning.

QUID sit vita, sapis tum demum morte magistra:
mors facit ut vita vere vivamus in ipsa,
immo si quid inest momenti et ponderis addit.
finge tamen vacuos homines formidine mortis
(utar enim ratione tua), quae denique causa
nobilitatis erit, queis non permissa facultas
audendi maiora? valent quid amorque fidesque
ni metuunt extrema pati? splendore carentum

instar habent lapidum. sed amorem pone fidemque
stet, velut in tabula, tenebrosae mortis imago,
quae seu magna monet moliri sive perire.
tum vero praeclarum aliquid nascetur. ut e me
ecce novi praeter solitum enituere colores!
num leges aliae Plutonia regna coercent?
parebo certe. velut hic parere solebam
non nisi quas vidi, manifestis legibus infra
obsequar. humana specie mutatus ab illa,
credo equidem, servabo intus sub pectore fixum
nescio quid nostri, quo me dignoscere possis.

J. C. M.

VITA quod est, mors una docet: quin vivere vitam
mors facit, et quantum valeat dat habere peractae.
denique, si vivis non mors ubicumque timendast,
tu, qui nuper in his rebus diversa tenebas,
qua ratione putas homini concedier esse
magnanimo, si nil posthac audere licebit?
nam quid amor, quid et ipsa fides, ni pessima fati
exspectent? nonne obscurae sine lumine gemmae?
ast eadem, modo si iubeat mors ultima rerum
audendum aut moriendum, extemplo fulgida luce
emicuere nova: sic et mea vivida virtus
erumpit morientis, inardescitque micando.
ipse tamen, quicumque gerit sub Tartara fasces,
accipiam regem. sola hic mihi iura placebant
quae conspexi oculis: illic quaecumque videbo
agnoscam pariter, simul ac, ni fallor, adempto
terrestri excipiam renovatum corpus, ut imo
nescio quid cordi non iam mutabile restet,
unde mei natura hominis cognoscitur ipsa. T. L. P.

IX

MANY a fire before them blazed;
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.

Iliad viii, 550–61, TENNYSON'S Translation.

IAMQUE ante ora ardent crebri recubantibus ignes:
et velut in caelo cingunt ubi sidera lunam
pulchra: omnes venti posuere: aperitur et omnis
qui procurrit apex montis, vallesque supinae
apparent: immensa poli de vertice summo
templa recluduntur, iamque omnia sidera lucent:
suspiciens toto laetatur pectore pastor—
haud aliter naves inter Xanthique fluenta,
qua patet Iliacae campus sub moenibus arcis,
mille ignes arsere: manus cuique assidet igni
quinquaginta equitum flammaeque in luce refulget.
at retinentur equi ad currus cana hordea pasti,
aureaque exspectant redeuntis tela diei.

F. D. L.

IGNES interea multi per castra flagrabant;
ac veluti circa lunam pulcherrima fulgent
sidera ubi vis ventorum pacata quiescit,
omnis cum clarus mons promontoriaque exstant
omnia nec latitant valles in lumine, et altus
aetheris immensi prospectus panditur ultro,
gaudetque innumeris pastor splendentibus astris:
haud secus illi ignes extra turrita tot ardent
Pergama tum naves inter Xanthique fluenta;
mille adeo campum illustrant: ad quemque morantur
Troiugenae quinquaginta in fulgore corusco,
nec non quadrupedes cytisum et cana hordea mandunt
curribus adfixi, dum lux redit aurea Phoebi.

A. S. G.

X

BUT, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he bas'd
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And all the glories of the winter moon.

TENNYSON.

AT, dum carpit iter, graviter rex pectore anhelo
suspirat, ceu, nocte silent cum tecta domorum,
importuna caput sopitum insomnia vexant.
ingemit, et comitis mussans immurmurat auri:—
'ne mora sit: seri nimium veniemus, ego autem
occidero':—sic rex mussat queribundus; et alter
veloci passu superat iuga; vestit euntem
halitus: humano maior se ferre videtur
collibus incedens brumali frigore vinctis.
pone fremunt maria, ante pedes it clamor ad aurem.
mens acri stimulo instigat sua, dumque movetur
horridus armorum gelidis fragor intonat antris:
nuda silex reboat—dextra laevaque resultant
arentes scopuli clangoribus atraque saxa,
lubrica dum firmat vestigia margine clivi
exstantis, cautesque armati verbere tali
icta sonat; subito ecce lacus sese aequora pandunt
vasta procul radio hibernae splendentia lunae.

E. D. S.

XI

AND Enid stood aside to wait the event,
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd; but Geraint's,
A little in the late encounter strain'd,
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,
And there lay still; as he that tells the tale
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
That had a sapling growing on it, slide
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew:
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair
Of comrades, making slowlier at the Prince,
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;
On whom the victor, to confound them more,
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry.

TENNYSON.

ILLA quidem, dum pendet adhuc victoria, cessit,
haud pugnam ausa sequi, rarisque adspirat amorem
vocibus atque preces alternis ictibus edit.
at qui causa metus gravior vi fertur in hostem,
dumque petit galeam deflexa est hasta; sed illi
lancea, congressu tantillum intorta recenti,
transadigit penitus lati thoraca latronis,
illisa in medio, et praeceps provolvitur hostis
immotusque iacet: scopuli ut currentis in aequor
vidi egomet quondam molem, cui surculus haesit,
moenibus extentis ventosae rupis in oram
labier, immotam casu—simul ipse virebat
surculus; haud aliter transfixus mole sua stat.
degeneres vero comites, par nobile, regi
segnius ingressi iam nunc committere dextram,
ut videre ducem stratum, vestigia sistunt;
quos invectus equo, quo plus vi turbet et ira,
terribili Martis victor clamore lacessit.

W. F. R. S.

XII

ALL where the eye delights yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

CRABBE.

ECCE, ubi magna quidem mixto terrore voluptas
spectandi, spumam iacit hic curvatus et ille
excipit insurgens volitantem fluctus; in omni
nulla quies ponto. modo qui praeruptus aquae mons
iam tumuit, cadit elisus, lapsusque resurgit
protinus; unda loco numquam se continet uno.
hic autem propius terrae quod volvitur agmen
nonne vides cursu tamquam certare marino?
contemplator item si quae supereminet unda,
cum vada contigerit; toto ut se vertice harenis
fundit, et extremos properat percurrere fines!
cursu curvatus magna vi contudit oram;
tunc refluens rauco leves stridore resorbens
it silices, quas mille aestu domuere furenti
saecla, sed ipsae etiam durando mille domabunt.

N. C. S.

XIII

WHAT though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon and took a stormy note
Of men contention-toss'd, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute!
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare grow now my visits here!
'Mid city noise, not as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear!
Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

M. ARNOLD.

QUID si non longum ediderit tua fistula carmen
rura beata sonans, veterumque oblita modorum
confusi rixis vulgi graviterque gementis
a! citius mitem imbuerit stridore Camenam;—
unde labor calamis et vox defessa canendo
illa tacet; tu mutus eras: tamen usque manebat
nescio quid nostrae velut inter somnia lucis,
nec poteras habitare diu qua sordida turbam
cura premit; mox ire procul lateque vagari
mens incerta iubet, solumque relinquere coetus
humanos, donec nox attulit atra quietem.
rara nimis cum rure tuo commercia nobis:
qua fremit urbs, ovium qua pastoralia nusquam
aera sonant, o Thyrsi, domus mea; tu facito aegro
pectore depellat strepitus et iurgia vocis
murmur, amice, tuae, quae languoremque resolvat
excutiatque metus omnes: cur, improbe, cessas?
errandi mors finis erat mihi; quin age porro
carpe viam; lux illa procul quaesita refulget:
men' documenta rogas? vel adhuc iuga nota coronat
arbor, adhuc collem Lycidas conscendit amatum.

E. D. S.

XIV

THE track winds down to the clear stream,
To cross the sparkling shallows: there
The cattle love to gather, on their way
To the high mountain pastures, and to stay,
Till the rough cow-herds drive them past,
Knee-deep in the cool ford: for 'tis the last
Of all the woody, high, well-water'd dells
Of Etna; and the beam
Of noon is broken there by chestnut boughs
Down its steep verdant sides: the air
Is freshen'd by the leaping stream, which throws
Eternal showers of spray on the moss'd roots
Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots
Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells
Of hyacinths, and on late anemones,
That muffle its wet banks: but glade,
And stream, and sward, and chestnut trees,
End here: Etna beyond, in the broad glare
Of the hot noon, without a shade,
Slope behind slope, up to the peak, lies bare;
The peak, round which the white clouds play.

M. Arnold.

AD liquidum callis de clivo flectitur amnem,
trans vada ducturus fulgentia: saepe videres
stare ibi collectas pecudes, ubi pascua montis
alta petunt, genuumque tenus, dum forte bubulcus
rusticus exagitet, gelido mersarier alveo.
nam quot frondiferas quot aquosas undique valles
mons Aetnaeus habet, scandenti haec ultima restat.
hic medii frangunt flammantia tela diei
castaneae, et viridis latera ardua vallis obumbrant:
hic calidos gelido saliens pede mitigat aestus
amnis, ut infundit muscosis stirpibus imbres
perpetuos: scatebris herbam rigat ille, corymbos
pallentes hederae rigat, et suaves hyacinthos
pensilibus laetos gemmis, et sera comantes
narcissos, madidae velamina dulcia ripae.
terminus hic pulcrorum: hic desinit herba, fluentum,
castaneae, vallis—patet ultra inamoena, sine umbra
nuda, calens medii solis fulgoribus Aetna:
quin horrent iuga nuda iugis super addita, nudus,
nubila quem circum ludunt candentia, vertex.

F. D. L.

XV

IN June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.
There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends,—
Old friends! The writing of those words has borne
My fancy backward to the gracious past,
The generous past, when all was possible,
For all was then untried; the years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.

LOWELL.

ARBORE sub magna, cum Iunius excipit annum,
ponere membra iuvat, dum sensus molliter omnes
hora fovet genialis, et otia blanda quietem
instillant, animoque gravi sublapsa medentur,
et furtim tacita complent dulcedine pectus,
qualis ubi nidum malus miserata relictum
quem struxit sibi vere rubecula, condit odoro
imbre nivis roseae tenerosque intexit amictus.
illic spes mecum priscas et prisca voluto
tempora fusus humi, veteresque recordor amicos.
ecce etiam nomen tantum scribentis ad annos
mens rapitur larga florentes dote iuventae,
cum nihil expertis nihil insuperabile visum est.
multa quidem tempus docuit, dulcesque sapores
tinxit amaritie; sed idem sub mente teneri
hoc fixum immotumque docet,—dum cetera ad auras
proicimus, veteres intus claudantur amici.

E. D. S.

XVI

GIVE honour to our heroes fall'n, how ill
Soe'er the cause that bade them forth to die.
Honour to him the untimely struck, whom high
In place, more high in hope, 'twas fate's harsh will
With tedious pain unsplendidly to kill.
Honour to him, doom'd splendidly to die,
Child of the city whose foster-child am I,
Who, hotly leading up the ensanguin'd hill
His charging thousands, fell without a word—
Fell, but shall fall not from our memory.
Also for them let honour's voice be heard
Who nameless sleep, while dull time covereth
With no illustrious shade of laurel tree,
But with the poppy alone, their deeds and death.

WILLIAM WATSON.

QUAMVIS iusta parum caesos instruxerit armis
causa viros, iusto celebrentur funera plausu,
nec suus absit honos illi, quem plurima nactum
spe calidus dum plura cupit, decreta Sororum
invida demisere neci splendore carentem
ante diem lenti perpessum taedia morbi.
nec tu, splendida mors cui fato contigit, expers
laudis eris, quem clara tulit quae me quoque alumnum
urbs vocat: adversum in collem multoque fluentem
sanguine mille viros ardens dum ducis in hostem,
tu sine voce cadis; sed nec te magna silebit
vox Famae, neque vos mutum et sine nomine vulgus
aeternum indictos patietur carpere somnum,
quorum Tempus iners super inclita facta decusque
pro lauru illustri nectit Cereale papaver.

E. D. S.

XVII

WE pause; we hush our heart,
And thus address the gods:
'The world hath fail'd to impart
The joy our youth forbodes,
Fail'd to fill up the void which in our breasts we bear.

'Changeful till now, we still
Look'd on to something new;
Let us, with changeless will,
Henceforth look on to you,
To find with you the joy we in vain here require!'

Fools! that so often here
Happiness mock'd our prayer,
I think, might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us, not fly to dreams, but moderate desire.

And yet, for those who know
Themselves, who wisely take
Their way through life, and bow
To what they cannot break,
Why should I say that life need yield but *moderate* bliss?

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes—

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

M. Arnold.

QUOD si vera premens idcirco quis prece divom
numina sollicitet, quia non det scilicet illi
vita voluptatem quam prima ostenderit aetas,
sed sit inexpleti quiddam sub pectore semper,—
hactenus ingenium fuerit cui mobile, rebus
usque novis inhians, nunc si immutabilis idem
dis inhiare cupit, dum sit data largius inde
in terris dudum frustra quaesita voluptas,
avius a vera longe ratione vagatur.
hic bene vivendi quem spes deceperit, illic
ut vivi possit meliori condicione
non timet? at modice tantum velit esse beatus
si sapiat: non est ad somnia confugiendum.
immo vitai rectum deducere cursum
qui potis est et se penitus novisse, nec umquam
nitier incassum contra id quod frangere non quit,
scire licet multo hunc modicis maiora potiri.
usque adeo nihil est quod puro lumine solis
viximu' laetantes? quod ver sensus hilaravit?
multas concepisse animo, gessisse manu res
quod licuit nobis et amantes invicem amasse?
tamne inimicorum nil est frustrantia coepta
vincere vi, veris vel amicis auxiliari,
ut procul hinc homines dubium se laetitiai
capturos fructum sperent et tempore longo
tandem venturam, veniat si forte, quietem,
atque futurorum cupidi praesentia perdant?

A. D. G.

SISTIMUS interea et compressis corde querelis
divos alloquimur: 'nobis neque gaudia vita
largita est, quae tum iuvenis praesenserat aetas,
nec desiderium complet quod pectus habebat.
insatiatus adhuc ignotaque quaerere suetus
semper avet quod abest animus, praesentia temnit:
quaerere discet abhinc vestrum immutabili' numen,
deque negata prius vobiscum praemia adibit.'
a stolidi! quos hic totiens spes falsa precantes

laetitia illusit peritura, nonne timetis
illic deceptos ratio ne vana refutet?
somnia rumpere enim et mediocres conveniebat
delicias petere. at si quis se novit et ipsum
vitai cursum bene rexit, ferre paratus
flectere quod nequeat, non invenio mediocres
cur olli tantum sit vita datura lepores.
an nihil est, solis blandos sensisse calores
et vernum carpsisse diem, flagrasseque amore,
digna manu fecisse, animo dum magna volutes?
nil, quod constantes iam sorte bearis amicos
obstantesque tibi dextra conflixeris hostes?
quid prodest aliae tibi fingere praemia vitae
atque aevi dubio splendori inhiare futuri,
huius si aetatis praesentia munera perdas
nec prius otia captaris quam moenia mundi
transieris profugus?

C. B.

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